

HONESTY, IN DISTRESS;

But Relieved by no

PARTY.

GIVING

An Account how she went to Court, but was scorn'd and slighted. — Next she went to *Westminster-hall*, which set the Lawyers in an Uproar. — Then she went to the City, making her Complaint to the Linen-draper and Apothecary, Grocer and Hoffer, Baker and Butcher, Vintner and Ale-draper, Pawn-broker and Tallow-man, Usurer and Miser, but found no Relief. — Then she went to the *Exchange*, amongst the Merchants, but they sent her to the Priests, and they said it was enough for them to teach, therefore they had no Relief for her. So Poor HONESTY being slighted by all, died a miserable Death for want of Relief.



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A PROLOGUE, Spoken by a M I S E R.

I Am in Haste good Friends, and cannot chuse,
 But stay one Moment just to tell you News,
 Dame HONESTY To-day, but wondrous poor,
 Wrapp'd up in Rags, came mumping at my Door,
 What tatter'd Maunking have we here, said I?
 Poor Honesty! said she, both cold and dry.
 Then Honesty said I pray go your Ways,
 I never got Three-pence by you in my Days.
 I might have starv'd I am sure long since for thee,
 And now thou wants, thou may starve for me.
 The squeamish Gypsie presently took Snuff,
 And turn'd her Back upon me in a Huff.
 Whither she rambled, Heaven knows for me,
 She's not amongst you there I can see,
 If in the Audience she has stole a Place,
 And durst in Play-house shew her honest Face,
 Am'ngst the Ladies she must appear,
 But Faith and Troth, I cannot see her there,
 Yet though she's hard to find I cannot engage,
 That you'll see her quickly upon the Stage,
 But cloathed in Woollen Rags no Linen under,
 A begging too, but that will be no Wonder;
 For in this Iron Age we daily see,
 That Knavery gets the Start of Honesty,
 And like our wiser Leaders I protest,
 I always Side with them that Thrive the best,
 Could I but stay I would provoke your Laughter,
 And tell you more of what you will find hereafter;
 For Time is come, and I must go from hence,
 To fill my Bag with the commanding Pence,
 For he that in our Christian City thrives,
 Must run, when Interest, that dear Devil drives.

ACT I.—Scene a Palace.—*Enter Honesty alone.*

I Am come from lovely Caves and rural Huts, where there is nothing but Contentment and Felicity amongst delicious Groves, and heavenly Meadows, and where no vile Wretch or lustful Harlots do interfere, with the Saints like Joys, and frequently good Men retire to shun the Noise, and Confusion of the Town: For there's nothing but Peace and Love where they embrace each other, and from thence I come in my colour'd Shoes, and Home spun Dress to this spacious Court, 'tis pleasantly adorn'd with all Varieties, as with Walks and Gardens, so I'll step and view the Insides: Dear Heart, how lofty are their Rooms, the Walls and Beds are fine and rich, sure Honesty is welcome here, ha! I see a Gentleman coming from a Coach, and he moves this Way, I'll acquaint him with my Distress, and I hope he will relieve me when he hears my melting Words.

Enter a Gentleman. Hon. noble Sir, pity me a wretched Maid, who on her Knees craves your Aid, for I am friendless and poor, naked, cold, and hungry; great Men despise me, Knaves abuse me, Tradesmen scorn me, and the Mob buffets me, the Priests in publick praise me, and in private snub me, my own Sex hate me, though they put on my modest Look, with which they screen all their Vices, and like base Wretches frown at my Misfortunes, therefore am I wander'd from a far off, to seek Relief at Court, amongst the rich and lofty, and if they refuse me, where must my injured Innocency retreat, or go to obtain my required Want.

Gen. You mumping ragged idle Varlet, how dare you offer or presume to approach my Presence in such a ragged Attire, I know by your Looks and Garb, who you are, and think you bold in asking Receptions where you are abhorred being obnoxious to the Court and State, and for your Rules and Principles, they are intirely laid aside, for they are destructive to the Interest of Mankind in general. Monarchs have been undone when embrac'd by you, and where ever you are none can thrive, if you were to continue at Court, even our Palaces would not be worth our while to keep, our Pride would fall, our Servants of course must be reduced, and a Coach and six Horses brought to two, therefore withdraw or I'll send you to the House of

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Correction, or the Soldiers shall make their Pastime, therefore begone once more, for great People live above Virtue, or Honesty's Reach, therefore go to the City, and mend their Measures, check their Scales, correct their Consciences, reclaim their Wives, keep their Daughters chaste, so mind not us, for our Souls aim at loftiness, pitches not in the narrow Rules, that Honesty can prescribe.

Hon. O! what dismal Answers are returned, to my piteous Complaints, which almost causes me to despair, for the Rich and Noble despise me, condemn a sober Life, and while I languish they riot in Debauchery, but to my Comfort, here comes a Lady, sure she must be a Person of Quality, Heaven impart me with melting Words for Relief.

Enter a Lady with Attendance.—Hon. Fairest of Ladies have some Pity and Compassion on a distressed Virgin, harmless and free from Corruption, a Maid in Word or Deed, pitied by few, pelted by the Mob and every Scoundrel, my Hope is in God, for I have no Friend on Earth, therefore, Madam, I beg your tender Compassion on me.

Lady. (Turning to her Servant) Look with what Confidence this Slut talks of her Virtue, begone.

Lady's Woman.—A saucy Slut to pretend to Honesty in that sorry Garb, when Poverty makes them Thieves as well as Whores, and none but the Rich and Great can be chaste and good.—She is some Soldier's Trull, and Laziness brought her to Want.—Faw! nasty bold Slut, she a Maid, Madam, you stand too near the fulsome Jilt.—If this be Honesty, I am sure she stinks.

(Exit Lady and Servant.)

The Footman speaking to Honesty going off.—Poor Creature begone, they make you but their Mock, Honesty being always slighted at Court, there is only Jilts and flattering Knaves esteemed here.

Hon. O miserable Wretch that I am thus to be abused by my own Sex, where her Faults are made visible to the World, monstrous she appears, for by her Wickedness, she judges me, how soon did this Lady listen to her flattering Confidence calling me Soldiers Trull? Mens Unkindness troubles me not half so much, for Honesty is to be every Womans Guard, but since I have no Success at Court, I'll walk along the Streets, and enter the spacious Hall of Westminster, sure I shall be entertain'd amongst the wise and judicious Men.

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ACT II. Scene, Westminster-hall, with the Court sitting.

Enter Honesty among the Lawyers.

HARK, methinks they are jarring it in every Corner, see with what Pains they unfold each doubtful Case, to make their Chants smile, each Side hoping for Victory, by the flattering Speeches of their hellish Lawyers, how shall I speak to these wise Men, I am resolv'd to address myself to those worthy Gentlemen who are consulting on some important Affairs: Dear worthy Sirs, you seem like Gentlemen, whose Business is, to right the oppress'd, behold me an afflicted Maid naked, hungry and cold, my Necessities is great, which made me fly both to Court and Town for Relief, but I find none, for all People is deaf to my Complaints, therefore I am come hither, where Justice is assembled, in Hopes my Wants may be relieved by your Goodness and Generosity.

1st. Law. Faith Brother, this is a pretty Wench, she'll soon leave Begging when she knows the Town, and becomes fit for our Embraces.

2d. Law. Fie Brother, such youthful Thoughts we should forger, though we can't, the World says we ought.

3d. Law. Don't put the Maid out of Countenance she thinks 'tis Time our Cole's Teeth should be shed, pray young Woman let's hear your Case, tell us where you live, and what's your Name.

Hon. I came from a divine Race, Justice, &c. Mercy are my near Relations, Virtue and Truth are my Sisters, and I as miserable as I am, my Name is Honesty.

1st. Law. Honesty Brethren, a saucy Slut, she has no Business here I am sure.

2d. Law. Withdraw you Jade, or I'll fend you to the House of Correction.

3d. Law. Hang her Jilt: When she was in Esteem we flaved for no Profit, but since she has been vanished from us, we got our Estates with Ease, therefore begone thou Vagrant, and come no more here, for Honesty will find no Relief among us, whilst poor and needy.

Hon. Would I were at my Innocent Station again for I find no Relief here, base Wretches, the Rich and Great both despise poor Honesty, but since Fate has left me in this
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mean Station, I'll move to the meaner Sort, those on my Left-hand, perhaps they'll open my Cause: Dear Sirs, look on me with the Bowels of Compassion, for I'm almost starved with Cold and Hunger, wandering through this frozen World, and can find no Support, my Name is Honesty, I only desire your Charity, for which I beg and sue in this Condition as you see.

1st. *Attorn.* Look behind your Brother, there is an unwelcome Guest Honesty come among us.

2d. *Attorn.* She'll inform against us, then let us hide them Bills, then shall we be safe, and may she ever beg.

3d. *Attorn.* Begone you troublesome Jade, go visit the City, for Honesty has no Business here, the Sight of you will defile this Place.

A Ragg'd Client Whispering Honesty. Sweet Heart, begone, for you are a Scat-crow to the Lawyers, I pity your Necessities, and would relieve you, but by Law I am quite reduced myself.

Hon. Alas Hard-hearted Scribes, none suffer like me, how can they that's possessed with Riches, high Places, Wisdom, Learning, &c. thus reject poor Honesty; grant, O Heavens! that they may all feel the Wants that the Poor undergoes, that should I be welcome to them. And though I have met such Disappointments, yet I'll take Courage, and go to the Town amongst the Tradesmen and Merchants, they knowing the Hardness of the Time, may pity my poor Condition.

ACT III. Scene the City.

Honesty begging along the City.

GOOD loving People, bestow your Charity on a poor Object, who hopes you may never fall into the same Necessities, and Miseries as I am in, behold my megrim Face, my feeble Limbs, and naked Feet, alas! with Hunger and Cold I am almost perished, my Name is Honesty, therefore for God's Sake, open your tender Hearts and bestow your Charity on me, in this my sad Distress, and look with an Eye of Pity upon my miserable Necessities.

Enter a Linen draper. Honesty, a Puff on her, wash or sweep her from the Door, she'll spoil the Linen Trade,
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her Habit is more the Effect of Pride than Poverty, and other Men follow her Examples to be thought honest, by which Means all our Trades will entirely be lost.

Enter an Apothecary and his Man. Theophilel, fetch the Paring-shovel, for Honesty is come here, and if she begs a Dram to comfort herself with, give her some Ratsbane, for if she looks into my Books and Bills, I am ruin'd and undone for ever.

Enter Victualler and Vintner.—*Vint.* Zounds Wife, lay aside the double Chaulk, here Jack, Tom, Harry, Will, hide short Mugs and Pots, for Honesty is coming, and she will inform against us.

Vin. Here Boys, keep Honesty from coming into my House, I am glad she has past my Door.

Hon. Bless me! how the Citizens seem confused at the Sight of me, and shun me as if I were infectious.

Enter Grocer and Hosier.—*Gro.* Behold Neighbours, here is Honesty come into the City, I admire the Citizens don't take her up, for she is an Enemy to Trade selling a Commodity for a good one if she stay here.

Hosi. Alas! for my Part our Trade is so bad, that if she stay here, I must leave off and go to Sea for a Livelihood.

Enter Miller, Baker, and Farmer. *Mil.* O Brother Tradesmen, here is bad News, Dame Honesty is come against us.

Bak.—Then I'm undone.

Far.—We whip'd her out of the Country.

Bak.—I'll run Home for fear she should inspect my Weight and the Mixture of my Flour, so farewell.

Enter Pawn-broker and Usurer. *P. Bro.* My dear Fellow-trader, what shall we do? I can scarce speak! I am surprized!

Usu. What is the Matter pray?

P. Bro. Why Honesty is come to Town, and put the Bakers in more Fear than the late Act of Parliament, therefore let us go all Home and lament our sad Misfortunes.

Honesty enters the Exchange. Dear tender-hearted Christian Gentlemen, look with the Bowels of Mercy and Compassion on poor distressed Honesty, I have been slighted by all, and am in Hopes that you will relieve me this one Time, or I am lost and undone for ever.

1st Mer. Is your Name Honesty? I have heard of your Name in foreign Parts, but I did not think you had dwelt here, my Advice to you begone.

2^d. Mer.

2d. *Mer.* Go to the Clergy they will be your best Benefactors, for Traders have no regard to Honesty, begone.

3d. *Mer.* If you stay here, I will take you up, and send you to some Plantation to seek your Fortune, and if you keep your Name from them you may get Riches, but if you are discovered they will burn you for a Witch, you being odious to all People, when once they know your Name.

Hon. O dismal Age! that Honesty should find so little Charity among a Christian People, surely I hope Indians, whom we deride for their Atheism and have nothing but the Light of Nature to direct them, would never make their Game, nor see the Innocent perish.

We have just been informed that before poor Honesty left England, she bequeathed the following Advice to the Farmers, Millers, and Bakers.

My dear Countrymen.

During my painful Pilgrimage through your Country, I heard many Complaints against you, for the Poor were continually crying out for Want of Bread; where the principal Fault lies, I have not been able to discover; but am certain the Farmers are much to blame; for after so plentiful a Crop, 'tis hard, very hard the Poor should pay the Price they now do for Bread-corn; nay, for all Sorts of Provision which come through your Hands, more particularly Butter and Cheese. The Millers, especially those who grind upon French Stones, have long been accused of bad Practices, even to the grinding down Stones, Shells, Whiting, Brick Heads, and Bran into Flour: Such accursed Practices as these will certainly draw down the Judgments of Heaven upon you; and as for you Bakers, how long have you oppressed and cheated the Poor with your base Mixtures and light Weights? for many Ages I fear, and killed many a poor Man with the intolerable Quantities of Alum put into your Bread.

My Advice therefore to the Millers, Bakers, and Farmers is, that ye all repent of these enormous Crimes, and do no more thus wickedly, for if you do I shall not fail to discover your Frauds to the whole World.

10 JUL 52
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